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ceitful and treacherous. And *you* are provincial and old-fashioned, antiquated, unrealistic, unimaginative, unenlightened, uninformed, and unbelievably unable to understand anything that isn't under water . . . (*Sophie rises.*) Your big trouble in life is that you were born a hundred and fifty years too late. You should have been at Bunker Hill loading muskets, raising flags and waiting for the British to show up with the whites of their eyes. Well, you may be shocked to learn that this is 1966 and this country has a whole new set of problems. But you wouldn't know about that because I don't think you're a real person of flesh and blood with feelings and sensitivities. I don't think you could be capable of having a genuine emotional attachment for another human being unless it was first passed by Congress and amended to the Constitution and painted red, white and blue. (*Goes to L. of pole table.*) If you've been listening carefully, Miss Rauschmeyer, I have just made a point.

Start SOPHIE. (*Goes to door, opens it, then slams it shut.*) All right, if you wanna make points, then ah'm gonna make one. Ah'm gonna make the biggest point you ever heard.

ANDY. (*Goes to sofa. Tosses pages on sofa.*) When you get to it, raise your right hand. With you it's hard to tell.

SOPHIE. You'll know when ah'm makin' it only you're not gonna like it. Are you listenin'?

ANDY. With one ear. That's all I need with you.

SOPHIE. Then here goes. (*Comes D. to Andy.*) Ah don't like you for a lot of the reasons ah already said. But the main reason ah don't like you is because ah am engaged to Lieutenant Burt Fenneman of the United States Marines. And in a few weeks we're supposed to get married. But for some insane reason that only a Hungarian psychoanalyst could explain, ah have suddenly discovered, and here comes the part ah was telling you about, that *ah am physically-attracted-to-you!* . . . Now, how do you like that for a point? (*And she storms out slamming the door behind her. Andy does not react. He just stands there. Suddenly the door flings open again and Sophie stands there glaring at him, hands on her hips.*) Did you hear what ah said?

ANDY. (*Without emotion.*) I heard. I heard what you said.

SOPHIE. (*Slams door.*) Well, how do you like them apples?

ANDY. *Those apples.*

SOPHIE. (*Goes to above c. table.*) *Them* apples. How do you like them?

ANDY. Are you serious?

SOPHIE. (*Telling.*) Of course ah'm serious. There is something about your physical presence that appeals to me—and ah am as repulsed by it as you are.

ANDY. You couldn't possibly be.

SOPHIE. There is no earthly reason why ah should like *anything* about you. And ah don't. But ah do! What do we do about it?

ANDY. If you're looking for another boost in salary, this is not the way to get it. (*He starts up stairs.*)

SOPHIE. Where are you goin'?

ANDY. To get Norman's copy of Krafft-Ebbing. You're a bigger nut than he is.

SOPHIE. You don't believe me.

ANDY. I *believe* you. I just don't *understand* you. (*Comes back down steps.*) What do you mean you're physically attracted to me?

SOPHIE. Do you want a complete rundown of arms, legs, hair and teeth? Go get a pencil and paper and we'll take it item for item.

ANDY. You mean you like the way I look?

SOPHIE. Not terribly.

ANDY. You like the way I walk?

SOPHIE. Not really.

ANDY. You like the way I dress?

SOPHIE. Not remotely.

ANDY. Then what *do you like*?

SOPHIE. *Ah like the way you smell!!* (*Andy turns and looks to heaven or anyone else for some help.*)

ANDY. Oh, Sophie, Sophie, Sophie!

SOPHIE. And don't call me Sophie Sophie Sophie. Ah'm attracted to you but I still don't like you.

ANDY. That's impossible.

SOPHIE. Ah know. You are the most irritating, nauseating man ah have ever met in mah life—and if you tried to kiss me right now ah would not stop you. You wanna work on that for a while?

ANDY. (*Turns in despair. Goes to landing.*) No, I think I need outside help.

SOPHIE. Ah suppose you wanna know what started it all?

ANDY. (*Turns to a wall and just faces it.*) No, I don't.

SOPHIE. Yes, you do.

ANDY. Yes, I do. What started it all?

SOPHIE. It was your grey eyelashes. Ah have never met a man in your age bracket with grey eyelashes. I think it's *dumb* to have grey eyelashes, but ah'm very glad you have them . . . Now can ah ask you a question?

ANDY. Yes, you may ask me a question.

SOPHIE. Do you have any desire whatsoever to touch me?

ANDY. What does that mean?

SOPHIE. Which is the part you don't understand, desire or touching?

ANDY. (*Goes D.*) I understand both parts, I just never thought about it.

SOPHIE. (*Follows.*) Well, *think* about it . . . Time's up! Do you want to touch me or don't you?

ANDY. You've been spiking your fritters with bourbon, haven't you?

SOPHIE. Ah am being honest with mah emotions because that's the only way ah know how to deal with them. (*She moves closer to Andy.*) The plain disgustin' truth is ah would like to stand very close to you and feel your breath somewhere on mah neck.

ANDY. You shouldn't tell me that.

SOPHIE. Ah know it but it just comes out. Is there any possibility of you havin' the same disgustin' feeling about me?

ANDY. If I did it wouldn't be disgusting and if I found it disgusting I wouldn't have the feeling.

SOPHIE. Ah don't think ah got that but touché anyway.

ANDY. (*Moves into R. corner.*) And will you stop following me around the room?

SOPHIE. Ah'm not followin' you. You're runnin' from *me!*

ANDY. I'm running because you're following. Stay over there!

SOPHIE. Ah can't *smell* you from over here!

ANDY. (*Exasperated.*) What am I going to do with you?

SOPHIE. Ah gave you a suggestion, you didn't do it.

ANDY. Listen, you, for an All-American girl with a complete set of eagle scout principles, how do you explain being engaged to one man and attracted to another man?

SOPHIE. Very simple explanation. Ah can't explain it. **Stop**

ANDY. What about your fiance?